

# The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. I NO. 8.

## THE CROSS AND FLAG

Raised Over Alameda's Church  
Now Building.

When the Corner Stone Was  
Laid on Sunday.

A Great Demonstration by the Catholics  
of the Encinal City—Monster Parade  
and Eloquent Sermon.

Five thousand people, with the  
cross of their faith on one side, and  
the flag of their country on the other,  
witnessed the laying of the corner  
stone of the new St. Joseph's Church  
in Alameda by Very Rev. Father  
Prendergast, V. G., on Sunday after-  
noon.

Never in the history of that city  
has a more imposing demonstration  
been witnessed. Every element  
seemed to favor the occasion. The  
morning dark and gray, gave way  
to an afternoon of glorious sunshine,  
the warm rays being tempered by  
the gentle zephyrs from the bay. The  
parade exceeded in numbers the antici-  
pations of the marshals, the ser-  
mon was a masterpiece of eloquence,  
and the music was superbly rendered.

At the northeastern corner of the  
building, over the spot where the  
stone was later to be laid, waved  
the stars and stripes. Over the  
sanctuary, forming a canopy for the  
speaker, waved another starry ban-  
ner, and the rear wall was hidden by  
a third. In the center of the sanctu-  
ary a temporary cross had been  
erected, and thus surrounded by em-  
blems of faith and patriotism the ex-  
ercises were carried on to a most  
successful and auspicious conclusion.

Long before the hour set for the  
exercises to commence, 3 o'clock, the  
adjacent streets and the building it-  
self were crowded with spectators.  
The committee of arrangements,  
consisting of George W. Dennis, P.  
Kearney, J. T. Fleming, A. F. St.  
Sure, Joseph Murray, Chas. Nelson,  
Joseph Morss and William Scully, all  
members of California Council No.  
24, Y. M. I., of Alameda, had  
everything in readiness, and merited  
much praise for their able manage-  
ment.

The procession formed at the corner  
of Santa Clara avenue and Chest-  
nut street, and marched down Chest-  
nut street to San Jose avenue, to  
Lafayette street, and by way of San  
Antonio avenue to the church site.  
G. W. Dennis was the Grand Mar-  
shal, and had as aids John P. Wright,  
J. E. Murray, Jos. Morss, Frank  
Hally and C. W. Nelson. Following  
them came the Fifth Infantry Band  
under the leadership of Wm. McBain.  
The officers of California  
Council—President, W. E. Scully;  
First Vice-President, Joseph M. Hat-  
ton; Second Vice-President, William  
J. Burns; Corresponding Secretary,  
Jos. Morss; Financial Secretary, John  
P. Wright; Treasurer, Edward A.  
Burns, and Wm. Cashman and J. H.  
Ross of the executive committee act-  
ed as escort to Grand President  
Frank J. Kierce and Grand Secretary  
George A. Stanley.

Following the members of the In-  
stitute came a body of two hundred  
parishioners headed by Messrs.  
John O'Brien and Wm. Hammond.  
The Young Men's Institute, repre-  
sented by four councils, followed.  
No. 4, of San Francisco, had sixty  
members in line, headed by J. F. Cal-  
laghan, President; J. Leahy, First  
Vice-President; J. McLaughlin, Treas-  
urer, and James J. Larkin, Marshal.  
No. 6, which came next, was repre-  
sented by forty members—President,  
Charles J. Harrington; First Vice-  
President, R. S. Hammond; Treas-  
urer, J. M. Rose, and Recording Sec-  
retary, J. J. Rigney, being in the  
lead.

With President D. McCarthy at  
their head, Institute No. 8 turned out  
forty men. Financial Secretary, John  
McGinnis; Recording Secretary,  
Wm. McCarthy; Corresponding Sec-  
retary, James Flynn, and Marshal,  
W. O'Neil, being in the van. Insti-  
tute No. 31, with twenty members  
in line, brought up the rear of the  
Institute column. President M. A.

McInnes was assisted by H. O'Connor, Recording Secretary; J. T. Harrington, Financial Secretary, and Jos. Manha, Marshal.

One hundred students from St. Mary's College, with knots of blue and pink ribbon in their breasts, marched with the precision of veterans. Pro-Director Brother Gennibern and seven brothers from the College accompanied them. The handsome banner of Branch No. 297, Catholics Knights of America, of Sacred Heart Parish, headed the Catholic Knights. State President B. J. Brophy, supported by national delegates J. J. White and D. Crowley, were followed by representatives of four branches. No. 297 had sixty men in line. President, T. C. Rowe; Vice-President, J. C. Rodriguez; Secretary, C. G. Hallmeyer, and Recording Secretary, William O. Rowe, were with the advance. Branch 485 had thirty men in line and the following officers: President, W. Lenain; Vice-President, Owen Boyle; Recording Secretary, M. J. Quinlan; Financial Secretary, D. Crowley; Marshal, Richard Daly; and Trustees P. J. O'Connor, Dan Gilligan and John White. Branch 504, owing to the lateness of the hour at which notice was received, did not parade as a body, but was still well represented. Branch No. 702 had twenty men in line and the following officers: President, E. Peters; Vice-President, M. Haran; Recording Secretary, J. Hanley; Financial Secretary, E. Sullivan, and Treasurer, Paul Callan.

St. Patrick's Alliance No. 5 of Oakland had 100 men in line. They carried a handsome green banner and silk stars and stripes at their head. President, P. J. Ryan; Vice-President, William Tobin, and Secretary Frank Cuschnahan were at their head. The Marshals were P. O'Kane and M. Brennan.

The rear of the column was brought up by two hundred members of the Young Men's Catholic Union, headed by Grand President P. N. Hanrahan and Grand Secretary Haskins. They made a fine impression as they marched down the street in open order.

As the rear of the procession passed the old church the officiating clergy and acolytes brought up the rear. First came the members of the Sanctuary Sodality of St. Francis de Sales Church under the direction of Brother Ulfian. The cross-bearer, Matt Bronner; lamp bearers, George Clark and John Fogarty, and the acolytes J. Killion, E. Fleming, Joseph Quinlan, Eddis Crowley, Herbert Allen, John Gallagher, Willie Watson, John Murray, Thos. Jones and Frank Somers. These were dressed in black soutanes and white surplices. The acolytes of St. Joseph's Church, Alameda, dressed in red and white, followed. They were Emil Messner, Don Campbell, Evan Hall, Edward Hickey, Edward Wright, Willie McStay, Chas. Foster and John Hickey.

The celebrant, Very Rev. John Prendergast, V. G., was supported by Rev. J. E. Cottle, Deacon; Rev. John McGinty, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, Master of Ceremonies, and the following clergy: Rev. P. Scanlan, Rev. C. E. Mulligan, Rev. J. F. Byrne, Rev. T. Kirby, Rev. P. Heslin, Rev. O'Hanlon, Rev. Seraphine, O. S. F., and Rev. J. Riordan, S. J. of Santa Clara College.

I explained to him that the first book of the New Testament was written long after Christianity was founded, and that the other books were written at different times. The Catholic Church of the nineteenth century is the same that Christ Himself founded."

Father Prendergast instanced a number of cases in which men were grossly misled by prevailing misrepresentation. Some few days ago a gentleman called upon the Archbishop and put in his hands a document, purporting to be a translation of an anathema against one of the rebellious children of the Church. The Archbishop took it and recognized it as a sentence of excommunication, and not the translation of a papal Bull. His Grace informed him it was written by the author of *Tristam Shandy*.

Intentional misrepresentation is the cause of many estrangements, just as men's hearts and minds take dislike to their neighbors from disputes over the tariff, political or social questions.

The oration of Father Prendergast's address was most eloquent, and he advised his hearers to beware of false representations, to investigate and study the divine truths of the revealed religion, that they might be enabled to overcome the prevailing prejudices of the day.

Following the oration, the choir sang the *Te Deum*, and the band rendered a romanza by Mozart. As the crowd was dispersing, the band played "America." During the ex-

times in all lines said Father Prendergast was undoubtedly Lacordaire, who preached in the Cathedral of Paris for many years. Lacordaire possessed a very singular quality. For his position called for an exceptionally gifted mind and heart. He had a large insight into and experience with all phases of human nature. He was a lawyer in his young manhood, with just a slight taint of infidelity. His experience, therefore, with human nature gave him a special commission for the saving of human souls."

Father Prendergast then described the great throngs which always gathered to hear him—judges, literateurs, young men in the freshness of youth, some of them ardent believers, some of them who, while they still believed had long since ceased to practice. On one occasion Lacordaire summed up in a few words his methods to cause them to remain faithful. Said he: "Be pure for one year, and I will be responsible for your souls."

Lacordaire understood the claims of education and purity of life as essential conditions for salvation of souls. He did not speak at random. He spoke from his experiences. He had been a deep student of human nature, and understood the actions and reactions of the heart. He thoroughly understood man.

We know the untold difficulties that beset truth. If any of us feel tempted to fall in view of the tremendous force that operates upon the human heart; if we would overcome the difficulties that stand in the way of reformation, we may point to the immortal Cardinal Newman from the hour when he first withdrew from the Anglican Church. When he came knocking at the gates of the everlasting church, long years of prayer and study transpired before he felt he comprehended the great mysteries of our religion. If a great mind like Cardinal Newman can spend four years in study before the clearing away of the clouds from his mind, before he saw the glories of the kingdom of God, we cannot make light of the reasons advanced as a cause for not embracing the faith.

Father Prendergast then spoke of the misrepresentations and misconceptions about the Catholic Church based on his experience of thirty years as a priest. The reverend Father said he had never found a man who could explain off-hand, even one principle of the Catholic faith. Father Prendergast related an incident of a student from a Protestant theological seminary who had called upon him to discuss religious matters. He asked him from what source or fountain the Catholic Church derived its authority. The student promptly answered: "From the Scriptures."

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cises, three Episcopal clergymen occupied seats upon the platform. They were Rev. A. T. Perkins, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Rev. Randolph and Dr. James Mulchahey.

The latter is rector in charge of St. Paul's Church, New York, and associate rector with Rev. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church, New York. He is spending his vacation on this coast.

Considerable progress has been made during the week on the new Church building, and a splendid idea of its handsome proportions can now be obtained. It is located on the site of the old Church, on the corner of Chestnut street and San Antonio avenue. The designs as furnished by the architect, Bryan J. Clinch, call for a building in the English gothic style of the thirteenth century. It will consist of a nave, aisles and transept, with groined ceilings. The ceilings will be entirely supported from the side walls, affording a clear interior. The side walls will be divided into bays by cluster columns. There will be five bays in the nave, each lighted by double mullion windows with tracery filled heads. The transepts will have five-light tracery windows at each end. The chancel will be lighted by a four-light window over the altar, and smaller windows high up at the sides. Provision has been made for small side chapels, with groined ceilings at each side of the sanctuary.

Large and commodious sacristies will be placed immediately behind them, connected by a passage in the rear, across the Church. One will be devoted to the use of the priest and the other will be arranged for the convenience of the Sisters of Notre Dame, whose college immediately adjoins the Church on the south.

The approach to the Church will be from Chestnut street. Six steps will lead to the porch, and the three doors provided will open into a commodious vestibule the full length of the nave. From each side of this will rise two towers of different heights. The taller tower will be octagonal in the upper story and surmounted by a spire rising to a height of 130 feet. The lower part of this tower will be used as a baptistery. The organ gallery will be over the vestibule, and access to it will be given by stairs in the tower.

The auditorium of the Church will be fifty-two feet in width by ninety-eight in length, exclusive of the sanctuary and vestibule. The seating capacity will be about 750, leaving abundant space for passages and aisles. The total length will be 130 feet outside. All of the outside ornamental work will be of galvanized iron.

The baptistery will be 11 feet square. It will be lighted from two sides by the windows in the first story of the tower. The sacristies will be each 12x14 feet. The chancel will be 17 feet in depth and 28 feet in width. The floor will be raised two feet above the main floor and the altar platform will be eighteen inches above the chancel floor. It is estimated that the entire cost of the building will be in the neighborhood of \$20,000. It is hoped to have the building ready for dedication by Christmas.

### Catholicism in Iowa.

The religious census of Iowa shows that only three denominations have organizations in every country in the State. These are the Catholic, Methodist and Baptist. Even under the defective report of church membership in 1890 the Catholics led all denominations in the State, being credited with a membership of 161,684, as against 111,000 Methodists, 32,000 Baptists, 30,000 Presbyterians, 24,000 Congregationalists and 20,000 Lutherans. The Church also led in the value of church property, having \$3,843,000, as against \$3,669,000 for the Methodists and \$1,553,000 for the Presbyterians.

In the following "Retort Clerical" from the Pall Mall Gazette, there is the gist of a long argument:

"I really can't see the slightest

difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant—and I've lived sixty years in this world."

"Faith! You won't live sixty

seconds in the next before you see

the difference."

Subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, \$1.50 per year.

## FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY.

### Individual Conscience Now the One Rule of Life.

### The Church Is a Society of the Perfect Kind.

### No Trespassing Upon the Rights of Civil Authority Which Should Also Respect the Rights of the Church.

[CONTINUED.]

Should union come again it will surely be marvelous to see the luster and grandeur which through divine grace, will illuminate your Churches. May God hear this supplication which you yourselves make to him: "Abolish all dissensions between the Churches." And this also: "Reunite the scattered ones and wanderers in your holy Catholic and Apostolic Church." May he bring you to the holy faith which through constant channel and tradition has come to us all from the most distant ages, the faith which your fathers guarded so zealously and illustrated by their virtues and the sublimity of their genius, the excellence of their doctrine—among them men like Athanasius, Basilus, Gregorius, Vazianus, John Chrysostom, the two Cyrilli and many another great doctor, whose glory is common to the East and West. Let us hold out to you our hand affectionately and invite you to the unity which never failed the Catholic Church and which nothing can take from it. Long has our common mother called you to her breast, long have all the Catholics of the universe awaited you with the anxiety of brotherly love, hoping that you would serve God with us in the unity of one gospel, one faith, one hope, one perfect charity. To close the expression of our wishes touching unity, we have still to address those the wide world over who are constantly in our thoughts and solicitude—namely, the Catholics of the Roman faith, subject to the apostolic See, united in Jesus Christ. We have no need to exhort these to the unity of the holy and true Church, for divine goodness has already brought them to it. Yet we would warn them to avoid the perils which grow everywhere and to beware of losing by carelessness and sloth the supreme benefits of God. Let them study the lessons we have addressed to the Catholic nations generally and specially and take from them as suits principles for their sentiment and rules for their conduct. Above all, let them submit absolutely, faithfully, heartily and willingly to the prescriptions of the Church. Let them understand how fatal to Christian unity it has been that false ideas should have obscured and effaced in many minds the true notion of the Church.

It is with the same burning charity that we now turn towards those people who, in a more recent age, under the influence of exceptional convulsions, temporal and material, left the bosom of the Roman Church. Forgetful of past vicissitudes, let them raise their spirit above human things, and, thirsting only for truth and salvation, consider the Church founded by Jesus Christ. If they will they will then compare their own churches with this church and see to what a pass religion has come with them they will admit readily that, having forgotten the primitive traditions in several important points, the ebb and flow of variety has made them slip into new things, and they will not deny that of the truths which the authors of this new state of things had taken with them when they ceded hardly any certain and authoritative formula remains. Nay, more, many do not fear to sap the foundations upon which alone repose religion and all human hopes—namely, the divinity of Jesus Christ our Savior. Also the authority which they once attributed to the Old and New Testaments as inspired works they now deny; the inevitable consequence of the right given to each man to interpret them as his judgment lets him.

Hence the individual conscience has become the guide of conduct and the one rule of life. Hence conflicting opinions and many sects, resulting too often in the errors of naturalism and rationalism. Despairing of accord in doctrine, they now preach union in brotherly charity, and justly, too, for we should all be bound by charity, and Jesus Christ commands, above all, to His disciples, that they should love one another. But how could perfect charity join hearts if faith does not unite our spirits? Thus it has come that judi-

cious minds and hearts, eager for truth, from among the men we speak of, have sought in the Catholic Church the road which leadeth to salvation. These have understood that they could not worship the head of the Church, who is Jesus Christ, unless they belong to the body of Jesus Christ, which is the Church, nor hope ever to possess the pure faith of Jesus Christ if they repudiate the legitimate authority intrusted to Peter and his successors. They saw too that only in the Roman Church were the idea and the type of the true church realized. This, indeed is plain to all eyes through the outward marks with which God, its author, has stamped it. And many of them, gifted with keen judgment and sagacity in studying antiquity, have shown in able writings the uninterrupted apostleship of the Roman Church, the integrity of its dogmas, the uniformity of its disciples. Viewing their examples, our hearts, more than even our voice, calls to you, dear brethren, who for three centuries past have been at issue with us in the Christian faith. Whoever you are, if for any reason you have parted from us, join with us in the unity of faith and in the knowledge of the Son of God. Let us hold out to you our hand affectionately and invite you to the unity which never failed the Catholic Church and which nothing can take from it. Long has our common mother called you to her breast, long have all the Catholics of the universe awaited you with the anxiety of brotherly love, hoping that you would serve God with us in the unity of one gospel, one faith, one hope, one perfect charity. To close the expression of our wishes touching unity, we have still to address those the wide world over who are constantly in our thoughts and solicitude—namely, the Catholics of the Roman faith, subject to the apostolic See, united in Jesus Christ. We have no need to exhort these to the unity of the holy and true Church, for divine goodness has already brought them to it. Yet we would warn them to avoid the perils which grow everywhere and to beware of losing by carelessness and sloth the supreme benefits of God. Let them study the lessons we have addressed to the Catholic nations generally and specially and take from them as suits principles for their sentiment and rules for their conduct. Above all, let them submit absolutely, faithfully, heartily and willingly to the prescriptions of the Church. Let them understand how fatal to Christian unity it has been that false ideas should have obscured and effaced in many minds the true notion of the Church.

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SATURDAY - AUG. 18, 1894

## Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of August.

Aug. 19—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

Sts. Peter and Paul (Italian), San Francisco.

## CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, Aug. 25

19—SUN.—Fourteenth after Pentecost—St. Joachim, Father of the B. V.—Baptism of Blessed Margaret Mary, 1864.

20—MON.—St. Bernard, Ab., D., 1151.

21—TUES.—St. Jane Frances of Chantal, -F. (Visitation anniversary), 1641.

22—WED.—Octave of the Assumption of B. V. M.—St. Timothy M., 390.

23—THUR.—St. Philibert Beniti, Servite, 715.

24—FRI.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle, 71.

25—SAT.—St. Louis, K. France, 1270.

Thomas a Kempis, 1471.

## UNCLE SAM'S THOROUGHBREDS

It has come to a pretty pass that a native American, exercising her birthright under the Constitution of her Fatherland, should be persecuted for professing and practicing Christian religion. Incredibly as it would appear, yet such a fact has happened these days at Alameda.

A young lady, a graduate of the Normal College, bearing an irreproachable reputation, was a candidate for an office in the school department.

She is a practical member of the oldest body of Christians.

For this, and this alone, she was judged ineligible to office by a secret society that pretends to protect the Constitution and institutions of the United States. Now,

though the said Constitution says

"No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," members of this secret society opposed by every underhand

means this Christian candidate.

The names of these worthies are given by the Alameda Argus, viz., F. W. Greely, I. W. Thompson, Alexander Mackie and Edwin Bell.

The patromymics do not bespeak

much illustrious blood, though they indubitably indicate sires begotten

and bred on European soils historically and socially distinguished for fanatical bigotry.

But Uncle Sam is not easily hoodwinked. The *oi pollio* may be fed on the pap of A. P. Aism. But when it comes to the Uncle's thoroughbred sons they cry "hands off." "Non talu auxilio" is the motto of the banner they flaunt before this secret society with its impudent assumption of protection.

The members, to their confusion, found in Trustees Brown, Lancktree and Knowles upholders of the

Constitution, and of the rights and

liberties of American citizens. Miss Crowley, though member of the

oldest body of Christians, was elected by thoroughbred sons of Uncle Sam. Hurrah for the flag!

## EDITORIALS VS. ADVERTISEMENTS.

In fighting such an insidious enemy of the Church as the A. P. A., we believe that any means of holding members of that order to the public gaze is justifiable. In last week's issue of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC we published an advertisement of a man who is alleged by a local journal to be the organizer of that Aggregation of Polluted Americans. The same journal published his denial in its issue of July 28. There is, therefore, a question of veracity between the two. The editor qualifies his statements, but does not allege them as facts. The party written up, over his signature and by affidavit, says that he belongs to no order opposed to Catholics in any manner, shape or form. There is, therefore, room for an honest difference of opinion. As to the fitness of the candidate for the position he aspires to, for

the present we will make no comment. That is a subject for future discussion. Paid write-ups are much sought after by all newspapers, and are freely published. They do not represent, though, by any means the editorial policy of the paper that accepts them. They are usually distinguished by a different style of heading. For the cleanliness of the matter that goes into the columns of the Catholic paper, the editor must exercise a watchful care. Otherwise he offends the sensibilities of his readers.

The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is not conducted on "old foggy" lines. The field it has chosen to cover is large and broad, and we propose to conduct the paper in a manner that will please the greatest number. We propose to fight the A. P. A., but do not intend to use billingsgate and vituperative abuse. We are proud of our Catholicity, we are proud of our Americanism, and propose to show up in an American manner every man who belongs to that unholy order. When the proper proofs are at hand, we shall publish the name of every man who is known to belong to the A. P. A., but we don't propose to condemn a man on hearsay testimony, or because some one says, "I believe it is so."

## WHENCE COME CONVERSIONS.

They come by the grace of God, and as He wills that all men be saved and gives to each sufficient grace for salvation, conversions come from all kinds and conditions of men. Agnostics, infidels, pagans, as well as believers in partial Christianity, are led into God's Church. The famed Dr. Brownson, after his experience among many "isms," soon after his conversion wrote in his own vigorous way: "Give me rather the open, honest unbeliever, who pretends to believe nothing more than he really does believe. \* \* \* There is hope of the conversion of a nation of unbelievers; of the conversion of a nation of hypocrites none." Many have been the converts in England from infidelity. Frenchmen are too logical to see any resting place in Protestantism. All conversions there come from the infidel ranks. It is a fond delusion to think belief in any of the dissenting sects is of necessity a stepping stone to the Church.

It is well to learn a lesson from the enemy. We have it on indisputable authority that among the freemasons, those who seek to be enrolled Templars cannot so be if engaged in the liquor traffic. Even a restaurant keeper selling liquors at meals cannot be accepted.

REV. A. C. HIRST, of the Simpson Memorial Church, on trial on charges of immorality preferred by a brother minister, is one of the sensations of the day. Mr. Hirst would purify the Roman Catholic priesthood if he could, but has to give up the attempt in order to preserve the wholeness of his own holy hide. By the way, Hirst is a sort of understudy to the oleaginous Henry. We presume the members of the court that is trying him would feel insulted if called "Hirst's peers."

It is well for Catholics to remember the Church has nothing whatever to do with party politics.

We are glad to welcome to our exchange table THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. It is a clean paper and inclined to temperance principles. It has been said that it would not be possible for a clean, temperance Catholic paper to live in San Francisco. We know there is need for such a paper, and we believe that the honest laymen of the Catholic Church will support it. Time will tell. The editor of this new paper is Henry I. Fisher, a name the sound of which is good American ring. Catholics, it matters not where they may have been born, will be respected and honored by all Protestants when they become true American citizens and cease looking to the banks of the Tiber for a man to direct them in their political as well as religious duties.—The Occident.

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, published at San Francisco, is another candidate for public favor. It is a 7 column 6 page paper. The editor is Mr. Henry I. Fisher. May his paper prove a successful fisher of men.—Portland Sentinel.

strongly pressed the matter on pastors and people, but apparently with little result. Monsignor Satolli's residence in our midst opened his eyes to the canker honey-combing our homes. God grant the Delegate may turn his attention to two other great evils impeding the progress of the Church in America.

Ex-priests forsooth! they do not exist. We may have ex-nuns and ex-monks, but not ex-priests. Holy Faith teaches, once a priest a priest forever. Unhappily, he may apostatize or be excommunicated, but his sacerdotal character he can never lose.

In this connection, it should be remembered that Altar implies or to use a logical term connate sacrifice and priest. It makes a cold shudder to read in the Catholic newspapers of an "Altar of A. P. A."

Another misnomer is clergyman. This is a general term for ministers of all denominations. And of course, strictly speaking, it can be used by Catholics. By so doing, however, we hide from view the dogmatic fact that ours are sacrificing clergymen. Episcopalian claim they have priests, their prayerbook says they have, but the Church practically denies the validity of their Orders. In their journals, priest and not clergymen, appears by deliberate choice.

## REV. A. P. DOYLE.

The Noted Paulist Preacher Now on a Visit to His Birthplace.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, the well-known Paulist preacher, and editor of the Catholic World in New York City, is in this city and is stopping at the residence of his father, 2808 Howard street.

San Francisco is glad to welcome back again the noted preacher who has reflected great credit upon his native city, and of old St. Mary's College of which he is a graduate.

Father Doyle takes great interest in temperance work, and has just returned from the temperance convention held in St. Paul. He is the national secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

This organization represents nearly all the Catholic temperance societies in the United States. There are 763 temperance societies with a membership of 56,000 included in the union located in all different states. Total abstinence is required from all members.

In addition to the above there are 10,000 ladies gathered in sodalities affiliated with the Union.

In a recent interview Father Doyle spoke very highly of the work accomplished by the League of the Cross under the direction of Bishop Montgomery. At the St. Paul convention this organization was highly approved.

In addition to his duties as editor of the Catholic World, Father Doyle has charge of the temperance publications of the publishing house connected with it. Father Doyle's reputation as an orator, extends from one end of the Union to the other.

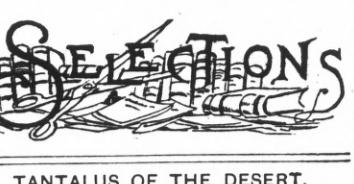
Tomorrow will probably be the last opportunity to hear Father Doyle preach. At 10:30 o'clock he will preach at Holy Cross Church on Eddy street, near Scott. At 4 p.m. Father Doyle will preach at the Cathedral on temperance topics, and in the evening at St. Charles Church, 18th and Shotwell streets.

As Father Doyle is a preacher of uncommon eloquence, those who fail to hear him will miss a rare chance.

## A Presbyterian View.

We are glad to welcome to our exchange table THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. It is a clean paper and inclined to temperance principles. It has been said that it would not be possible for a clean, temperance Catholic paper to live in San Francisco. We know there is need for such a paper, and we believe that the honest laymen of the Catholic Church will support it. Time will tell. The editor of this new paper is Henry I. Fisher, a name the sound of which is good American ring. Catholics, it matters not where they may have been born, will be respected and honored by all Protestants when they become true American citizens and cease looking to the banks of the Tiber for a man to direct them in their political as well as religious duties.—The Occident.

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, published at San Francisco, is another candidate for public favor. It is a 7 column 6 page paper. The editor is Mr. Henry I. Fisher. May his paper prove a successful fisher of men.—Portland Sentinel.



## TANTALUS OF THE DESERT.

The Ever Present Mirage That Increases the Suffering of the Thirsty.

The Millard party, which left Camp in April for a prospecting trip on the desert of Coopah, and who were afterward reported as having perished, succeeded in having perished, succeeded, after terrible suffering and hardship, in making their way to the Lost Horse mine, in the Pinon district. Charles F. Millard has arrived in this city from the desert north of Indio. He was one of the party. The other members of the party were Nathan Millard, the father of Charles, "Diamond George" Simonds, and the West Indian, Leon Eugene. Young Millard told a reporter a graphic tale of his experience in the desert:

"At Mesquite Lake we found the deserted cabin of Johnson, the cattleman, who has cattle there in the season. A light spring wagon was standing there. We took it, leaving our heavy wagon with a note explaining the situation. We left also our seine, folder and a large quantity of food. The next day we struck out for the railroad, going due north. We expected to find water at short intervals and took only a half barrel with us.

"There it was that I first noted the mysterious movement of the sand hills and even mountains. We would note a large range of hills at some point on the horizon and look the next day to see where it was. Often it would be in an entirely different direction. The sand is continually shifting, often so silently and lightly as to be unseen, but surely just the same. This, I have no doubt, is one reason why men get lost. Another is the mirage, which is continually deceiving a person. In every direction, whether on level or rolling ground, we saw little cool lakes, fringed with palms. Sometimes we saw solid rock hills, with trees and lakes at their feet. Invariably there was nothing to cause the illusion, except possibly the low bushes that were seemingly magnified by the rays of heat and light.

"At noon on the day after we left the lake our water was exhausted. Then for 2½ days we went thirsty. I was surprised to see that my father, an old man, stood the torture better than I. Diamond George, too, seemed not to suffer. The negro and I, though, were greatly affected. I will describe as closely as I can how I felt.

"After the ordinary sensations of thirst my tongue began to swell, and the most intolerable feeling came over me of pain wherever anything touched me. If my clothes happened to rub me, I was seized with an irresistible desire to throw them off to the last stitch. My father cautioned me to keep my senses, and I argued with myself continually, but nevertheless I would find myself tearing my clothes off. The most intense mental anguish, of course, accompanied the feelings of physical discomfort. I dreamed of water, thought of water, talked of water, and always before me I saw the cool little lakes just a few yards off the road or just ahead. My tongue swelled, filling my mouth and feeling like a dry sponge. I could not talk, but if I could I would have cursed those fresh little lakes that mocked me.

The thought of eating filled me with sudden disgust and ugly temper. In spite of that, I tried to force myself to eat something in order to allay the suffering, but no sooner had I touched food to my dry tongue than I flung it away involuntarily. To my tongue food was as tasteless as sawdust.

"In the evening of the third day, when I felt myself going mad, with objects taking on the most grotesque shapes and the noise of the wagon sounding as if miles away, we saw the smoke of a passenger train rushing across the desert. Without a word father and Diamond George began piling food, barrel-traps and everything out into the sand. The sand was heavy, but they urged the horses through, and we reached the railroad at Flowing Wells. Never shall I forget the first drink of water. I was sick for two days—out of my head, they said.

"One of the horses was sick, and we had to wait at Flowing Wells nine days. The trains whizzed by, never stopping, and our grub began to give out. We had started from Mesquite Lake with 150 pounds of flour. At Flowing Wells we began to divide it with our poor horses. At night the horses gnawed the telegraph poles clean through and the bottom of the wagon, where they had licked up the flour. As soon as possible we started for Indio, pushing the wagon, the horses being too weak to haul it.

"At Walters Station we were overtaken by a sandstorm. We tied a wagon sheet to the section house and crawled under. The next morning we were under two feet of sand and had to burrow out. The horses were wading around as if in a snowdrift. After great tribulation we reached Indio and got food and water and a good rest.

"I noticed many peculiar phenomena in that region, among which were the electric storms. I have seen flash after flash of lightning, followed by peals of thunder, although the sky would be perfectly cloudless."—San Francisco Examiner.

## A Tired Baby.

Children of Bostonian parentage are notoriously precocious. A child of Mr. and Mrs. Preble Quincy Saltonstall of Marlborough street astonished its mamma by remarking from its cradle after the departure of some lady callers: "Mamma, the paucity of ideas of the fin de siecle society woman is something shocking. In future you will greatly oblige me by removing my couch during such vapid discourse. I prefer the company of my own reflections. Where's Lewiston Journal.

## They Began Early.

Gummey—Women's habit of going to their husbands for money is as old as the human race.

Gargoyle—That can't be, for the human race had no such thing as money for many ages.

Gummey—Nevertheless Eve got a "bone" from Adam.—Truth.

## SHIFTS THIRTY FEET YEARLY.

The Earth's Axis Rather a Wobbly Affair According to This Authority.

We do not refer to the long known shifting of the direction of the axis of the earth, which produces the so called "precession of the equinoxes." This does not in the least affect the position of the pole upon the face of the earth, while that which we have in mind is an actual traveling of the pole over the ground and is due to a slight change of the position of the axis within the globe itself. This of course manifests itself by a minute change both in the latitude of observatories and in the direction of meridian lines. If the pole of the earth approaches Berlin, the latitude of Berlin necessarily increases, and at the same time the latitude of Honolulu, on the other side of the earth, is correspondingly diminished.

The fact that such a thing is really happening was first clearly brought out in 1889 in Germany, and ever since the subject has greatly interested the astronomical world. All recent latitude observations made by methods of precision confirm the fact, and within a few months Socorroff has shown that the azimuthal observations upon the Pulkoda meridian marks between 1880 and 1887 tell the same story. The latest results of Chandler, based upon a very thorough discussion of several thousand observations made at 17 different observatories between 1840 and 1893, and combined with earlier series at Greenwich (by Pond between 1820 and 1830) and by Bradley about the middle of the last century shows that this motion is unexpectedly regular.

It seems to be made up of two superposed revolutions of the pole from west to east—one with a period of just a year, in a circle of about 30 feet in diameter, and the other in a circle of similar size, but with a period of 428 days. As a consequence of this combination of motions the actual annual displacement varies greatly. Once in about seven years the two practically destroy each other, and the pole remains for a time nearly stationary (as in 1885), while at intermediate epochs (as in 1890) it describes a sort of circle fully 60 feet in diameter. It hardly need be said that a motion so slight becomes sensible only in observations of the last degree of precision, but its discovery has already explained certain important anomalies and apparent errors in work of that class.

The fault certainly can be corrected, and a young woman can change the shape of her mouth as certainly as she can the contour of her form, but of course it takes persistent and determined work to do it, an exercise of will power that of itself is a lasting benefit in forming a perfect and lovable character, but I know whereof I speak when I say it can be accomplished.

"I think you will find interesting," continued the speaker, "It is that children very often inherit the suppressed desires of their parents. An instance or two will best illustrate what I mean. I know intimately a minister, one of the old fashioned orthodox kind who believe in following the strict letter of their creed more or less relying on their own good sense of right and wrong. The

## SUMMARY OF A WEEK.

## Bishop Manogue's Improvements at Sacramento.

## The Notre Dame College Chapel Dedicated.

## Sodalities Organized at Santa Clara and St. James Churches—The Working Boys' League.

A new temperance society was organized this week with Miss Alice Toomey at the head and Mrs. Nellie Winters, secretary. It will be known as the Catholic Women's Temperance League. Other interesting matters will be found below.

## Sacramento.

Very few, indeed, of the parishioners who attend the Cathedral, says the Sacramento Bee, know of the improvements Bishop Manogue has been furthering in that splendid edifice. From the quietness with which the work has been pursued it would seem that the Bishop had decided to give the people of the Church a genuine surprise.

There is a ground floor to the Cathedral, as wide and as long as the great building itself. On the sides there are ponderous arcades supporting the floor of the Church proper. The ceiling is quite high and plenty of light is admitted through numerous windows. When the Cathedral was erected the floor of this basement was laid with concrete. Nobody ever dreamed that this section of the Cathedral would ever be used for any other purpose, perhaps, than a store room, but Bishop Manogue was not content to let it remain idle.

Carrying out his own design he has converted this basement into a chapel for the children of the congregation, into a lecture room capable of seating 1000 people with comfort, and into meeting rooms for the various Catholic societies. The several apartments are separated by partitions of glass or more substantial walls.

To do this work required an outlay of nearly \$7000, but the undertaking was pursued with that apparent unconcern as to cost that has characterized the Bishop's endeavors on behalf of his church since the day he stepped into Sacramento. Nobody, so far as the public knows, were asked for a cent of money. The work was done and the workmen were paid by Bishop Manogue.

The first step the Bishop took in this improvement was to have a fine, smooth floor laid throughout the basement, as the floor was originally concrete, sills had to be first laid over the entire space to secure the entire flooring. The brick walls were plastered over and then thoroughly painted and tinted, as was also the ceiling.

It will interest old Catholic churchgoers to know that the chapel has been fitted out with the same alter and pews that were used in old St. Rose's church, at Seventh and K streets, and which were taken therefrom when the old building was demolished to make way for the new Postoffice.

This chapel will have sentimental attraction to the old St. Rose parishioners since it is almost a counterpart of the earlier local place of worship. The pews will seat between 700 and 800 persons. This chapel and all the other rooms have been furnished with gas-lighting facilities.

It is probable that the chapel will soon be formally dedicated, and when it is, masses will be inaugurated to be held at 9 o'clock each Sunday morning. There is on the way from the East a shipment of candelabrum, sanctuary fixtures, etc., to complete the altar. The Bishop also contemplates the placing of an organ in the nave directly opposite the altar. The pews have been refitted and everything put in the best possible shape.

The lecture-room, which is separated from the chapel by a glass partition that permits the free diffusion of light, is supplied with a platform, and it is proposed to hold lectures in that apartment and meetings of Catholic societies.

There are also very spacious apartments for the meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society, the Altar Society and the Catholic Knights.

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## NING JEWELRY.

ONE OF THE MANY SECRETS OF THE PAWNBROKERS' TRADE.

A Little Dark Room In the Rear of a Chicago Loan Office, Where Many Golden Heirlooms Are Melted and Cast Into Bars Which Are Traded For Good Coin.

"Looks funny, doesn't it? All the same there are a dozen of those machines going at least once a week in this city that the public never heard about before. When you understand it, you will be able to tell your friends what becomes of the gold and silver they leave with their 'uncle' and never redeem. 'On the day' now, don't give me away, and I will tell you some of the secrets of the pawnbrokers' trade."

The remark was made in a little dark room in the rear of one of the big loan offices not far from Madison and Dearborn streets. The proprietor went on to say the reports show that 10 to 15 per cent of all articles placed in "hock" are never called for. Then, after gold and silver are purchased outright by the pennyweight or ounce, and in one way or another a large amount of precious metals is accumulated. To turn old style goods into ready cash is the problem that confronts the loan broker. Bankrupt stocks of new designs and fresh goods fill the cases in the counters and show windows, and the old material goes into new golden eagles, with Uncle Sam's stamp upon them.

On the floor of the back room, reached after setting half a dozen electric alarms going and the pressing of numerous buttons, was a peculiar contrivance looking like a 6 inch tile stood on end, with a brass barrel covered with pipes by its side. A copper pan, some iron tools and some bowls that looked like common flowerpots lay on the floor.

"This copper barrel," said the proprietor, "is filled with naphtha. These pipes lead to this tile or furnace. This handle here is for the forcing of air behind the naphtha, so it will make a strong blast. These pots are crucibles. Into the furnace we place the crucible; into the crucible goes the gold. Hot, isn't it? So hot that we are compelled to wear colored glasses to see what's going on. But that's nothing to the way the thing is done in Uncle Sam's furnaces. Now, here goes to fill the crucible."

Into the stone jar went gold watch cases and chains with family histories, crests and initials, souvenir spoons and bangles of forgotten dates, rings that could have spoken of wedding bells and birthdays in the long ago, golden charms, scarfs with the jewels removed and odds and ends collected in a week's trade. The estimated value of the haul of stock was \$1,000 in pure gold. Into the melting collection went a lot of borax. This was to make the gold flow when sufficiently melted. There was no smoke, nothing but a sickly smell of naphtha, the noise of the blast and the glittering whiteness of the crucible.

To get a closer look at the melting gold a pair of green eyeglasses was furnished. As the broker stirred the contents of the crucible with an iron poker black bubbles would come to the top and pieces of coarser metal would be seen struggling to the surface only to sink back into the yellow gold now turned to fluid. The broker lifted the crucible out of the furnace and poured its white hot contents into an iron mold. The mold rested in a pan of water. All the gold settled into the mold, and the borax, turning black as it hit the water, staid on top. In a few minutes the bar was knocked off and out fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, eight inches long and probably three-fourths of an inch square. After cleaning the bar was laid aside for shipment to the treasury.

"We do this once a week," said the proprietor as he shut off the valve to the naphtha barrel. "From here the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay off nearly \$4 on \$1,000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted by a fierce heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shot or pellets of gold and silver and copper. These pellets are then placed in acid and the different metals separated. No, you can't fool the government for a minute. Science does the work in good shape. After this process the treasury ships gold eagles for the silver metal contained in the bar. So, you see, the old battered watch case, broken chain or out of date ornament comes back in new coin of the realm. Over \$200,000 worth of gold bars is annually sent from Chicago brokers in this way, and not one person in 10,000 ever sees how the melting is done. Of course many gold coins are made into jewelry and in course of time are sent back through our crucibles once more. This is on account of change of style in gold ornaments of all kinds which is constantly going on. Any profit? Oh, yes. We figure all such things. An article pawned means to us only its weight in the crucible with a profit deducted. This profit may be 6 or it may be 12 per cent. A chain weighing 10 worth of gold we buy for \$8.50 or some less. The \$1.50 is for profit, handling and the risk. Yes, it's quite a business, and many a family history has been told in the golden heirlooms that have fallen into a loan broker's crucible."—Chicago Tribune.

## Useless Trouble.

A mesmerist, on his trial for a crime which had no connection with hypnotism, emphatically exclaimed, "To prove my innocence I am prepared to send the court to sleep."

"Prisoner," the judge replied, "you may leave that to your counsel."—Liber.

A certain kind of mushroom grown in northeastern Asia will produce intoxication if it is eaten. It is also a stimulant to muscular exertion.

## MAKING THEIR OWN PILLS.

Doctors Taking to a Custom That Troubles the Apothecaries.

"Our business is suffering to some extent from a new fad of the physician that is growing rapidly, I regret to say," said an apothecary. "In old times, of course, it was quite usual for medical practitioners to put up their own prescriptions. Oddly enough, they are taking up the practice again in a fresh form. They do not prepare the medicines they prescribe, but a good many of them they give to their patients in the shape of pills. For example, you consult Dr. Squills for symptoms which indicate a stomach disorder. Instead of writing a prescription for it, he gives you half a dozen little tablets and tells you to call again in a couple of days. You go back again and get some more of the same pills—one to be taken after each meal, you are instructed. That transaction robs the apothecary of the 50 cents he would have got for filling the prescription. It might seem to you that the expense of furnishing their own medicines would deter physicians from adopting this plan, but I will quickly explain to you how it works to their advantage. You must understand, to begin with, that they get the pills or tablets at wholesale rates, so that the cost is not very great. Nasty doses are no longer in fashion, and a large number of remedies—particularly the coal tar preparations—are put up nowadays in the shape I speak of.

"Dr. Squills gives you six tablets and tells you to come back on Friday. In that way he secures another visit from you and rakes in an additional \$2. That is where his profit comes in. Furthermore, if your friend Mrs. Bobbins happens to be suffering from symptoms similar to your own, you cannot furnish her with some of the pills which have done you so much good, as you could do if you had a prescription. You can only recommend her to Dr. Squills, who scoops in another fee. So you can see for yourself that this plan, while decidedly injurious to our trade, is a great help to the doctors. In one way it works well. Not having a prescription, the patient cannot obtain indefinite quantities of the medicine by having it put up again and again at the apothecary." It is in that manner more than any other that people acquire dangerous drug habits.

"To such a point of development has this new fad of the physicians arrived that great factories are kept busy turning out tablets and pills for sale to doctors only. The firms that own these establishments send agents all over the country to solicit the patronage of medical men. From the latter they obtain orders for the doses in small compass at so much per 1,000 or 10,000, put up in bottles or boxes. The pills are carefully prepared according to formulae of recognized value, drugs of the best quality being employed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Queer Freak of Memory.

The French scientist, Ribot, in his work on "Diseases of the Memory" tells of a man 30 years of age, of considerable learning and acquirements, who was found at the termination of a severe illness to have lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects.

As soon as his health was restored he began to acquire knowledge like a child. After learning the names of objects he was taught to read, and after this began to learn Latin. He made considerable progress when one day in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head.

"What is the matter? Don't you feel well?" asked his brother.

"I feel a peculiar sensation in my head," he replied, "and now it seems to me I knew all this before."

Strange to say, from that time he rapidly recovered his faculties and could never understand how it had been necessary to teach him reading and writing when he was 30 years of age and a proficient in both.

## The Hooked Umbrella.

The umbrella with a hook to the handle is very convenient to carry. It is easy to grasp or to slip on the arm, but it can prove an awkward companion if carried the wrong way, and it very often is, as was illustrated by a lady on Canal street a day or two ago. She was walking quickly along, not once tempted by the daintily arranged bargains spread out in the windows. She was evidently in a hurry. Her crooked handle umbrella was under her arm. She passed through a group of gentlemen, when suddenly she found herself wheeled about with great force, and to her astonishment discovered she had hooked a handsome young man, the hook being fastened to the front of his vest. Don't carry a hooked umbrella under your arm.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Judges' Work.

"People seem to think that a judge has nothing to do but sit on the bench and listen to lawyers and witnesses talk," said a judge yesterday. "If sitting on the bench were the burden of our labors, we would have an easy time. Take the long opinions that must be written out. They are usually prepared at a great deal of care and research and a great deal of time and effort is spent on them. Some opinions are interesting; but, as a rule, they are tedious and dry. Here is where a great deal of work comes in, and besides the opinions are generally written by the judges themselves. The stenographer is not around, and writing after becoming accustomed to dictating in an office is double standard!"—New York Record.

## She Was Blind.

"A poor, sick man, who has a blind wife, solicits a trifle!"

"But where is your wife?"

"She is standing at the door looking out for the policeman."—Zeitung's Leesebuch.

## HOW WIRE IS MADE.

It's Manufacture a Very Interesting and Unique Mechanical Process.

The rod is received by the wire drawer in the form of a coil, the rod being of varying section and the coil of a weight depending upon the purpose for which it is intended. One end of the rod is pointed and somewhat reduced by machinery. The coil is then given a bath in mild acid to remove all oxidation, afterward washed in lime water to give a drawing surface and is finally dried in a proper oven. When ready for drawing, the pointed rod is inserted in one of the holes of a drawing plate. This plate is generally of steel, but some factories use cast iron. The drawing holes are conical, and the rod is inserted from the larger end. On the other side of the plate the pointed end is seized by power pinchers and pulled until enough has been drawn through to allow of its being passed around and fastened to a drum or reel which is driven by power. Of course the rod is reduced in area and much elongated, and this without any perceptible loss of metal. While passing through the plate it is kept lubricated with what is called wire drawers' soap or grease. After being drawn through this first hole, it is put through a series of smaller ones until it has been drawn down to the requisite size. But the compression and disturbance of the structure of the rod consequent upon these reductions have hardened it so much that at certain stages it is necessary to stop the process and soften the metal by annealing. After this it is again washed in acid, etc., and the drawing is resumed. Iron and the harder grades of steel require five or six annealings while being reduced to the finer gauges of wire. But the manufacture of soft steel and the details of rolling it into rods have been so perfected that soft steel rods can now be drawn into fence wire without any cleaning or annealing. After the final drawing the wire is finished in various ways, depending upon the purposes for which it is intended.

No matter of what metal the wire may be composed, the same general system of drawing is used, varying more or less according to the metal. Including gold, silver, platinum, copper, etc., the commercial sizes of wire run from one-fourth inch to one-seven hundredth inch in diameter.—Cassier's Magazine.

## CREDIT WHERE IT WAS NOT DUE.

A Professor Whose Medicine Was Most Effective in the Bottle.

There is a doctor connected with the University of Buffalo who has a habit of saying, "Do you catch the idea?" to the young men who are in his charge when he has made or tried to make a point in his lectures at the quiz classes.

Once he had an odd case among his private patients, and he invited a student to go with him to see it. The patient was a woman. Before entering the room the doctor carefully explained the disease to the student and told him that he had sent the woman some medicine the night before which he was confident would help her. He explained the composition of the medicine, told what particular combination of drugs would benefit this disease and then entered the sickroom.

"How do you feel this morning, Mrs. K.?" he asked.

"Oh, doctor," replied the patient, "you have no idea how much better I feel."

"There, young man," said the doctor, turning to the student, "do you catch the idea?"

"Yes, doctor," continued the sick woman. "I do feel very much better."

"Took my medicine, I suppose?" queried the doctor.

"Well, no," replied the patient. "You see, my husband was detained when I came home last night, and I didn't get it at all."

"I don't think," broke in the student, "that I exactly caught the idea."

And the doctor hadn't a word to say.

—Buffalo Express.

Why Olives Are Cheap.

"Do you know what makes pickled olives so cheap?" the furnisher of delicacies said the other day. "You wouldn't expect a California olive grower to get rich when his olives are sold at a little more than the cost of the brine. I will tell you a secret—the trick is to soak them in a pit of salt water in the grass and hunting shade for a long time. When I told him this he didn't know what I was talking about."

"Going to tell us another story now, I suppose, like those about catching herring in the grass and hunting shade for a long time. He explained the composition of the medicine, told what particular combination of drugs would benefit this disease and then entered the sickroom.

"My brother-in-law's wife had a fine crop of chickens that summer. They were all hatched that spring and were growing well when one day the whole flock got at a bag of dry cornmeal and filled their crops full of it. The first thing my brother-in-law's wife knew of this was when the meal began to swell and turn sour, and the whole crop of chickens were waddling around with crops twice their regular size and every chicken looking like the bass drummer in a German band. You see, the chickens either had got at water too soon or else didn't have gravel enough in their crops to grind up the meal, and it wouldn't digest and seemed likely to burst them."

"There was no one by to give help or advice, and my brother-in-law's wife wasn't going to lose that lot of more than 100 fine chickens if she could help it, so she started right in to do the best she could. The children caught the chickens and brought them to her, and with her buttonhole scissors she cut a slit in each one of their crops. She squeezed out the cornmeal, washed their crops out and sewed them up again. The chickens seemed grateful. They were kept quiet for a couple of days, fed lightly, and every one of them recovered."—New York Sun.

Criminals Change Their Faces.

Surgery's discovery of a way to obliterate facial blemishes has given the detective force a great deal of difficulty in locating well known criminals. By these operations the whole character of the facial expression is sometimes changed by a few deft jabs of a lancet. The wounds heal in a very short time and in most cases can never be noticed. Take the long opinions that must be written out. They are usually prepared at a great deal of care and research and a great deal of time and effort is spent on them. Some opinions are interesting; but, as a rule, they are tedious and dry. Here is where a great deal of work comes in, and besides the opinions are generally written by the judges themselves. The stenographer is not around, and writing after becoming accustomed to dictating in an office is double standard!"—Philadelphia Call.

Unfortunate.

"Madam," observed the hairdresser, "there are silver threads among the gold here."

"Alas," sighed the lady, "and my husband is unalterably opposed to the double standard!"—New York Recorder.

Esthetics Run Mad.

O'Kieff—Why did the Newspapers move?

McEll—The wall paper on their old flat didn't harmonize with the new baby's complexion, I believe.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## ANIMAL SENTRIES.

They Are Posted by the Flock or Herd to Guard Against Surprise.

The rod is received by the wire drawer in the form of a coil, the rod being of varying section and the coil of a weight depending upon the purpose for which it is intended. One end of the rod is pointed and somewhat reduced by machinery. The coil is then given a bath in mild acid to remove all oxidation, afterward washed in lime water to give a drawing surface and is finally dried in a proper oven. When ready for drawing, the pointed rod is inserted in one of the holes of a drawing plate. This plate is generally of steel, but some factories use cast iron. The drawing holes are conical, and the rod is inserted from the larger end. On the other side of the plate the pointed end is seized by power pinchers and pulled until enough has been drawn through to allow of its being passed around and fastened to a drum or reel which is driven by power. Of course the rod is reduced in area and much elongated, and this without any perceptible loss of metal. While passing through the plate it is kept lubricated with what is called wire drawers' soap or grease. After being drawn through this first hole, it is put through a series of smaller ones until it has been drawn down to the requisite size. But the compression and disturbance of the structure of the rod consequent upon these reductions have hardened it so much that at certain stages it is necessary to stop the process and soften the metal by annealing. After this it is again washed in acid, etc., and the drawing is resumed. Iron and the harder grades of steel require five or six annealings while being reduced to the finer gauges of wire. But the manufacture of soft steel and the details of rolling it into rods have been so perfected that soft steel rods can now be drawn into fence wire without any cleaning or annealing. After the final drawing the wire is finished in various ways, depending upon the purposes for which it is intended.

—Cassier's Magazine.

## A SOLDIER'S LEGS.

They Are Apt to Run, but the Owners Don't Tell the Experience.

The too eager sportsman is often balked of a shot by the watchful sentinel posted to guard the flock or the herd against surprise. Posting a sentry is the most universal of the instincts which organization as a means of defense. It is not because they never run, but that he was glad when it was over. The legs of the bravest get very weak in the presence of shot and shell, and bravery, after all, is only a matter of honor—the man without honor is a coward. The honorable man has nothing to fear, and in battle he would suffer 10,000 deaths rather than have a comrade say he failed to do his duty. But to me it is running—yes, I have run. Tell you about it?" Certainly.

"One afternoon while I was in charge of the rear guard on a march in Virginia a number of men dropped out of the ranks for the purpose of hunting the 'applejack.' The commanding officer of the guard ordered me to take a detachment, return to the little town through which we had passed a half hour before and arrest the stragglers. The prairie dogs at the Jardin d'Acci-

matisation of Paris observe the same precaution." As is well known, wild geese are particularly wary in this respect. Mr. St. John says that "they seem to act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting as to defy all danger. When a flock of wild geese has fixed on a field of newly sown grain to feed in, before alighting they make numerous circling flights, and the least suspicious object prevents them from pitching.

"Supposing that all is right and they do alright, the whole flock for a space of a minute or two remain motionless, with erect head and neck, reconnoitring the country around. They now appear to have made up their mind that all is safe and are contented to leave one sentry, who either stands on some elevated part of the field or walks slowly with the rest—never, however, venturing to pick up a single grain of corn, the whole energies being employed in watching. The most curious part has to follow. When a sentry thinks he has performed a fair share of the duty, he gives the bird nearest him a sharp peck."

Mr. St. John declares that he has seen the sentry occasionally pull out a bunch of feathers when the first hint was not immediately attended to and at the same time utter a querulous cry. Wild swans are almost as cautious as wild geese. The signal of danger differs with the species of animals, but the alarm note seems to be universally understood by the sentinel's followers. Wild geese and swans have a peculiar call, as of a bugle; rabbits and sheep stamp on the ground; wild ducks utter a low and cautious quack; elephants right; ibex and mountain sheep whine.

"Between where I was riding and the mouth of the lane I noticed a suspicious object moving along toward us. It dodged from one corner to another of the fence, apparently trying to conceal itself. While wondering what the fellow for by this time I discovered that the object was a colored man—was up to me was near enough to speak. 'Don't stop,' said the man. 'Go as fast as you can. The Federates'll git you. Dey's right, right off do hill. Go fas' as you can.' I gave the order, and away we went as fast as horses could carry us. We had just crossed the mouth of the lane when the 'Federates' appeared on the summit of the little hill."

"With the famous 'rebel yell' they came sailing down the lane, shooting at every jump. We put spurs to our horses and presented as small a target as possible by lying low on their necks. It was a hot race, with the chances in favor of the Confederacy. For two miles the 'graybacks' chased us, keeping up a constant and rapid fire; but, thanks to our horses, we escaped without the loss of a man. That was not the only time that I ran, but the story will out for this time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cowboy and the Folding Bed.

A cowboy up from the Texas panhandle was a guest at the house, and as the clerk who attended to him is still in Denver we will allow him to tell the story in his own way: "He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he came to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and if he wished, the bellboy would show him how it worked. But not much. He didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live down on the range.

"So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away. About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room

# THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

## THE PUZZLER

No. 209.—A Problem.  
When we were married knot was tied  
Between my wife and me.  
My age was to that of my bride  
As three times three to three.  
But now, when ten and half ten years  
We man and wife have been,  
Her age to mine exactly bears  
As eight is to sixteen.  
Now tell, I pray, from what I've said,  
What were our ages when we wed?

No. 210.—Word Building.  
Join "to trash," "necessitous" and "a  
testament" and make a compound word of  
12 letters meaning "a bird allied to the  
night hawk," so called from the sound of  
its voice.

2. Join "to immerse," "an exclamation"  
and "a mother," and make a word of seven  
letters meaning "a letter conferring some  
privilege."

3. Join "a citizen," "a preposition," "a  
pronoun" and "upon" and get a word of  
eight letters meaning "a summons."

No. 211.—A Father's Teaching.  
An honest, industrious man was the father  
of several bright, attractive children.  
As they grew older he instructed them in  
the wisdom and desirability of keeping  
good company and not keeping late hours.  
He told them that 10 o'clock was late  
enough for bed-time, and no matter how  
agreeable might be their companions they  
should leave them at that hour. What  
command, often heard in military drills,  
was he giving?

No. 212.—Double Acrostic.  
My initials, read downward, will give  
the name of a war of the present century,  
and my initials that of a general concerned  
in it. 1. A town in Afghanistan. 2. To  
resound. 3. A worker in metals. 4. A  
field. 5. Burned wood. 6. A girl's name.  
7. A town in Bavaria. 8. A bird. 9. A  
province in Turkey. 10. A fieldwork.

No. 213.—Geographical Puzzle.  


The final of the names of 13 objects represented above when properly arranged will form the names of two English islands.

No. 214.—Rhymal Transposition.  
Each blank is to be filled by a word of six  
letters. No two words are alike, though  
the same six letters, properly arranged,  
may be used to make the six missing words:  
O \* \* \* \* \* from \* \* \* \* \* thou \* \* \* \* \*  
thy stores;  
Without \* \* \* \* \* or honor thy task;  
Though no \* \* \* \* \* or bustle thy bairn  
turbs;  
The \* \* \* \* \* is quite all one could ask.

No. 215.—Hidden Names of Places.  
1. Is the baby lonely without you?  
2. Is not her beauty remarkable?  
3. No, Bess, I do not think I can go.  
4. When I saw that they were armed, I  
attempted flight.  
\* 5. Hers were the only diamonds there.  
6. So universal a mistake may be ex-  
cused.  
7. As part are to stay, I prefer not to go.  
8. The dahlia then so admired is old fash-  
ioned now.  
9. The fourth race was easily won.

Conundrums Answered.  
What is that which we often return, yet  
never borrow?—Thanks.

What is most depraved of its exter-  
nals? A jest (m-a-jest-y).

Why are fowls the most economical  
things a farmer can keep? Because for  
every grain they give a peck.

Why is a blushing an anomaly? Because a  
woman who blushes is admired for her  
cheek.

What shape is a kiss? A-lip-tickle (ellip-  
tical).

When may ladies who are enjoying them-  
selves be said to look wretched? When at  
the opera, as then they are in tiers.

What is the difference between an hon-  
est and a dishonest laundress? One iron's  
your linen; the other steals it.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 201.—Biblical Puzzle:

E	U	Z				
P	E	T	R			
A	S	Y	H	I	A	
M	A	L	C	H	U	S
N	A	H	U	M		
L	U	Z				

No. 202.—Illustrated Diagonal: 1. Kite.

2. Last. 3. Pens. 4. Boot.—Kant.

No. 203.—A Charade: Soc-rates.

No. 204.—The Lover's Task: Make a six  
pointed star and draw lines from each  
point to three opposite points. The trees  
are to be planted at the points and inter-  
section of lines.

No. 205.—Double Acrostic:

Fa	ne	l	
E	r	E	
R	a	I	L
I	z	A	E
I	r	I	S
N	e	S	
A	m	A	
N	e	P	
D	r	S	

No. 206.—Word Squares:

B	O	A	T	D	A	R	T	F	A	D	E
O	N	C	E	A	S	I	A	L	O	E	
A	C	R	E	B	I	L	L	D	O	L	I
T	E	E	S	T	A	L	E	E	R	S	

No. 207.—Central Acrostic:

T	I	B	E	B
P	L	A	T	O
D	U	B	I	S
E	G	Y	P	T
L	E	L	E	X
F	L	O	B	A
C	O	N	O	N

No. 208.—Beheadings: Ap-peal, For-age  
Pe-ruse, De-note, Dis-ease, E-lope, A-light.

## Itacolumite, or Flexible Sandstone.

Geologists tell us that "one of the most marked and well known characteristics of stones and rocks in general is their extreme rigidity," but there are really some specimens that are more flexible than wood, bending under the slightest pressure without breaking. The best known and most abundant of these flexible stones is itacolumite, an elastic sedimentary deposit found chiefly in South America, but not unknown in the United States, being frequently found in large quantities in the mountains of North and South Carolina and occasionally in Georgia. The flexibility of itacolumite is readily understood when the stone is subjected to a microscopic examination. All ordinary sandstones are rigid and brittle, but in itacolumite the grains are cemented by the flexible mica and sericite, which confer the flexibility to the stone as a whole. Viewed by a strong polarized light, it is plain to be seen that each separate grain of sand in a slab of itacolumite is surrounded by a cement of the flexible mica and sericite and that veins of the same cement ramify in every direction, imparting to it a peculiar elasticity, a flake of such stone two feet in length and two inches thick "sagging" five inches in the middle when both ends are held up by some support.—St. Louis Republic.

## A Gigantic Kite.

A kite made by George Emory, a bar-  
ber of Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, is at-  
tracting a great deal of attention be-  
cause of its gigantic dimensions. It  
measures 17 feet from top to bottom  
and 14½ feet across. It has the usual  
conoid-like shape of the kites flown by  
the small boy, but its material neces-  
sarily differs. The frame is made of  
oaken boards 3½ inches wide and 1½  
inches thick, and the covering is of  
light canvas. George only got his kite  
out once, and that was last Saturday.  
Accompanied by 50 boys, who had  
watched the construction of the affair  
for a week, he took his master to the  
little hill near the House of the Good  
Shepherd in Pacific street, Brooklyn,  
and experienced little trouble in getting  
it to take to the winds. It sped heaven-  
ward with such force that 10 youngsters  
who had hold of the rope attached to it  
were carried along several feet before  
they had time to let go. The winding  
machine employed by Emory was an  
ordinary hose reel, and his line was  
like those used on clothes pulleys. The  
latter was 1,600 feet long, and it was  
pulled out to the full length Saturday.  
The tail of this big kite is 30 feet long,  
and the entire weight must be 75 pounds.  
—New York Herald.

## Prudent Fare In Massachusetts.

In a book treating of the social con-  
ditions of western Massachusetts in the  
early part of this century some amusing  
differences are noted in the manner of  
living. In the families of well to do  
people in such a town as Northampton  
bread and milk was the regular diet for  
breakfast and supper, while the poor,  
who could not afford wheat flour and  
milk, made two meals on bean porridge.  
To have meat more than once a day  
would have been considered sinful ex-  
travagance. When the Hon. Caleb  
Strong was governor, he used to travel  
from his home in Berkshire county to  
Boston in his private carriage, taking  
three days for the trip and having regu-  
lar stopping places. Having been delayed  
on one occasion, he was obliged to pass  
the night at a private house on the road.  
The supper consisted of a large  
bowl of bread and milk, and the guest  
and family were merely provided with  
spoons with which to supply themselves  
from this common dish. This was a  
trifle too democratic for the governor,  
who suggested that his portion be put  
upon all the others. The host replied  
that he must die but did not.  
He was spared for other things.—De-  
troit Tribune.

## HUMOR

### AN OFFICE DRAMA.

Why the Telegraph Editor Did Not Eat the  
Night Before Pay Day.

It was Friday night. The telegraph  
editor felt in his pocket and glanced  
doubtfully at his watch.

"What have they got tonight?" he  
said finally, addressing the assistant  
telegraph editor.

"Pork and beans, stewed tomatoes  
and apple pie," was the reply.

"It's all right. Dead swell layout."

The telegraph editor ruminated and  
again felt in his pocket. Then he re-  
membered a little indebtedness of 25  
cents.

The copy boy entered.

The telegraph editor scribbled on a  
piece of paper.

"Take this to the assistant city editor  
and be dod gasted quick about it," said  
the telegraph editor. He handed the  
copy boy a piece of paper which looked  
like this:

25c.	WELL?	25c.
25c.		25c.

The copy boy took the paper into the  
sporting editor's room, where he stopped  
to listen calmly to the arrangements for  
a prize fight; then he went out into  
the area way and threw paper wads at  
the watchman.

Then he went into the local room and  
threw a crumpled piece of paper on the  
desk of the assistant city editor.

"His nibs sent that to yeh," he re-  
marked, pushing the paperweight of the  
desk onto the toe of the Constant  
Reader.

The assistant city editor apologized to  
the Constant Reader and looked at  
the paper. Then he drew a half dollar  
from his pocket, carefully laid the paper  
over it and rubbed it with the butt end  
of his lead pencil. Underneath the  
rough face of the coin he wrote:

"Please send back the change."

"There, take that back, quick," said  
he.

The copy boy went into the dramatic  
editor's room and put a mustache on the  
latest photograph of Helene Mora.  
Eventually he reached the telegraph  
room and handed the paper to the tele-  
graph editor. The telegraph editor  
studied it for a full minute. Then he  
remarked calmly:

"That's the grouchiest guy that ever  
struck this joint. He ain't even got  
manners enough to pretend that he's  
done."

Then the telegraph editor pulled his  
chair up to his desk and wrote a head-  
line to the gold exports, which began, "Mil-  
lions in Our Pockets Still."—Cincin-  
nati Commercial Gazette.

## Any Excuse Better Than None.

A wealthy gentleman who keeps a  
large establishment in the country recently  
noticed that, although his breakfast  
table was supplied with eggs from  
his own farm, yet they were scarcely  
ever fresh. On making inquiries he dis-  
covered that the eggs laid by his fowls  
at a high price and others of doubtful  
freshness, purchased at an adjacent  
shop, substituted.

Having sent down for the cook, he  
determined to sift the matter to the  
bottom and said to her:

"How is it, cook, that, although you  
have a regular supply of eggs from the  
farm, we never get any at the table but  
what are stale?"

"I dunno, sir," replied the cook  
without a moment's hesitation, "unless  
John has been giving the fowls a lot up  
of stale corn again."—Pearson's Weekly.

## To Avoid Confusion.

He was quite frantic by this time.  
He would have knelt on the wet sand at  
her feet had he possessed a change of  
trousers.

"I give you my heart!" he cried.  
She smiled pleasantly.

"Would you like it checked?" she  
asked. "Hearts are so much alike, you  
know."

It seemed to him that he must die,  
but he did not.

He was spared for other things.—De-  
troit Tribune.

## Variety.

"Many sports here," asked the en-  
thusiastic athlete as he got off the train  
at a small station in the far west.

"Plenty, stranger," replied the na-  
tive. "There's huntin', fishin' and lynchin'.  
What more do you want?"—Pick Me  
Up.

## One View.

First Tramp.—There comes another  
four-in-hand. What's the good o' ridin'  
on top o' a coach all day along a dusty  
road, specially in hot weather?

Second Tramp.—It gets up a elegant  
thirst.—New York Weekly.

## Improving.

"Are you satisfied with your son's  
progress in his music?"

Father.—Perfectly. No one has  
moved out of the flat the last two days  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Plenty of Time.

First Coster.—Well, if yew won't  
back fer I, I won't back fer yew. D'yew  
see that?

Second Coster.—Orl rite, "Arry, or  
rite. Don't 'urry yerself. Only arter  
ew wid the paiper.—Judy.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Death by suffocation is caused by a  
bullet in either the heart or brain.

Statistics prove that not less than  
8,200 babies are born every day on  
United States soil.

Milk disagrees with many persons  
because there is not enough acid in the  
stomach to cause it to curdle.

Sneezing is caused by an irritation of  
the lining of the nose and is usually the  
premonitory symptom of a cold.

In Japan there is one way of saluting  
a superior, another way of saluting an  
equal and still another of saluting an  
inferior.

An old fashioned buggy wrench was  
found, claims H. B. Stewart, in the  
heart of a large oak tree felled recently  
near Raleigh, N. C.

The old fashioned buggy wrench was  
found, claims H. B. Stewart, in the  
heart of a large oak tree felled recently  
near Raleigh, N. C.

The only clothing materials used in  
Madagascar are silk and raffia cloth.  
The latter is spun from a fiber taken  
from the native plant and is used ex-  
ploited.

Among the definitions in a new Eng-  
lish dictionary are these: "Bicycle—  
pleasure's treadmill. Ink—a black  
fluid often used to make black seem  
white."

Chees as now played is said to be of  
undoubted Indian origin, though a  
game very closely resembling it has  
from time immemorial been played  
among the Celestials.

In London there is an association of  
gospel cyclists. They spend the Sat-<

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.  
A hero fell at Roanoke!  
One brother fell  
shroud the battle  
dren deck the grave  
country's life to save,  
and fathers call him

The other one who fought at Roanoke  
Lived on—chance is living still today—  
Old and unknown, bent, beggared, crippled,  
And children mock him in their thoughtless  
play.  
None weep for him. No orator ever spoke  
Of him as noble. No one says he gave  
Up his life in his country's life to save,  
And yet, God knows, the living was as brave  
as he who fell that day at Roanoke!

Fred B. Appleton in Philadelphia Press.

### THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

In the heart of the Rocky mountains there dwelt in ancient times a spirit or gnome to whom the Indian tribes around about gave the name of Hal-Walla. He was a spirit of great power within the limits of his domain, which extended deep into the bowels of the earth. Myriads of inferior gnomes were subject to his rule and were employed, under his wise dominion, in administering the business of his kingdom, checking and controlling the rude force of the ores that rage in the earth's bosom and making it serviceable in charging the rocky fissures with ores and minerals.

But once in awhile, in the course of the centuries, he tires of his monotonous and gloomy life, and then it is his habit to come to the surface for a holiday.

At first, in the far distant times, he found the earth inhabited by hideous monsters, and his only sport was to hunt the ichthyosaurs or to plunge deep into the pathless forests and engage in fierce encounter with a terrible biped, who is known to us only as the prehistoric man. Hal-Walla, however, was rather peaceable than warlike, and after a few such visits he wearied of this rough sport, and many centuries came and went before he visited the upper earth again. Great was his surprise to find that the monsters of the early times had disappeared. The giant forests had given place to woods of much smaller growth, but what interested the gnome most of all was the sight of a number of Indian villages which clustered in the peaceful valley below. The men, women and little children were a revelation to Hal-Walla. They reminded him strangely of the fierce beings he had grappled with in the forests of prehistoric times, and yet they were so different. Clad in scant, bright colored garments, their red skins shone with cunningly painted designs. Their manners were gentle, for it was a peaceable Indian tribe that had built its wigwams on Hal-Walla's domain. They were kind to their women, and the children played harmlessly about, shooting at marks with small bows and arrows, running swift races or flying on their ponies over hill and dale.

Dwelling invisible and unsuspected among them, Hal-Walla took delight in studying the ways and habits of these beings, so new and strange to him. He soon learned their language and often sat at night in their wigwams, listening to their talk about their ponies, their crops, the chase or the danger that threatened from hostile tribes. And while the spirit thus dwelt in their tents their good fortune was wonderful, for Hal-Walla caused their crops to grow as they never did before, and no arrow sent after a buffalo or deer, no matter by how young and raw a hand, was known to miss its mark. And once when a band of hostile red men came swarming over the mountains to attack the peaceful dwellers in the valley he assumed a shape of terror, drove them before him like cattle and slew them in great numbers.

All this led these simple folk to believe in the presence of a good being among them, and sweet to Hal-Walla were the words of thanks and praise which he overheard at their campfires at night. But one day as the gnome was roaming about the mountains, he spied a maiden, fair and beautiful—an Indian princess, the only daughter of the great Chief Winatah of the powerful tribe of the Utes. She was seated, chattering with her girl playmates and attendants, at the foot of a huge waterfall, which went swirling and tumbling into a rude natural basin. The subsequent conduct of the gnome, as we shall presently see, would indicate that her innocent beauty impressed him deeply, for when, on the next day, the maidens came again to sit by the waterfall they were amazed to find the scene wholly changed. Tall trees, which had not been there before, made a shady grove about it. The wild sweep of the waterfall had been checked, so that it now fell with a gentle murmur into the basin, which had grown large and wide and was filled to the brim with the cool, limpid water, showing the pebbly bottom in its transparent depth. "It is the good spirit who has done this," cried the maidens, and amid wonder and laughter and congratulation they specially prepared for a bath. The princess was the first to venture in, but no sooner was she immersed than she sank out of sight. Vainly her shrieking companions clutched at the glossy black hair as they saw her disappear, and when Visula, the prin-

cess' favorite, plunged in to share her fate, some unseen power prevented her from sinking, and she could only float lightly on the limpid surface like a petal from a wild rose.

Frightened and weeping, the girls returned to the village and imparted all that had happened to Winatah. The chief rent his garment, scattered to the winds the plumes that waved so proudly on his head and grieved for the loss of his favorite daughter. After awhile he took courage and went to view with his own eyes the fatal spot where she had disappeared. But the magical illusion was gone, and the waterfall tumbled in undulating fury down the mountain side, as it had ever done within the memory of man.

Meanwhile the princess, who had lost consciousness when she felt her self sinking, had been carried by Hal-Walla through his subterranean kingdom to a beautiful valley, which his magic had filled with wonders. When she awoke, she found herself reclining on a grassy knoll, dressed in bright garments, and the sunlight, glinting through the shady trees, fell on the form of a handsome young chief standing reverently before her. This was none other than Hal-Walla, who had assumed this pleasing shape as being most likely to find favor in the eyes of the maid. In glowing words he spoke to her of love; told her the secret of his being; told her of his great kingdom in the bowels of the earth; of the power he possessed to bring good or evil fortune to her tribe, and so woed her for his wife. But the princess only sighed in answer and reproached him with tears for having removed her from her people. Nothing that Hal-Walla could say or promise seemed to give her cheer, and he was forced to realize that he had been too sudden and must patiently seek to win her by degrees.

"These beings require companionship," he said to himself when he had thought the matter over. "She must be amused. That will set everything right." And like a flash he flew out into the fields where the maize was ripening, picked a dozen ears and brought them with a triumphant smile to the princess, who was wandering disconsolately under the trees.

"Fairest daughter of earth," said he, "I have brought what will give thee joy. Take these ears of maize, touch them with this magic rod and give them the form of any being thy heart desires."

So saying he wisely left the princess to herself, and she lost no time in availing herself of the gift. Touching one of the ears with the rod, she cried, "Visula, dear playmate, appear!" and instantly Visula lay at her feet, kissing her hands, and in her joy laughing and weeping at once. The illusion was so perfect that the princess knew not whether she held in her arms the real Visula or merely her shadow. But this gave her no concern. She surrendered herself wholly to the delight of having her dearest friend with her, and the two wandered arm in arm about the gardens and grottoes and groves with which the gnome had adorned the valley to make it a pleasant abiding place for his fair prisoner.

The beautiful princess soon converted all her supply of maize ears into the girl friends she was accustomed to. She was now far less lonely and seemed to grow brighter and more content, so that Hal-Walla congratulated himself on his penetration and the progress he was making in the knowledge of human kind.

But as the weeks slipped by the princess began to notice that her companions were growing pale and sickly. She alone among them all bloomed fresh and fair as a rose. One morning when she stepped from her wigwam what horror was hers when she saw that they had all turned old and haggard and were so weak that they could scarcely move! In her terror she called loudly for Hal-Walla, who immediately appeared.

"Base spirit," she cried, "is it not enough that thou hast deprived me of my freedom? Why take from me my only solace, the companionship of these dear maidens? What has happened to them? Why do they look so old and strange?"

"Blame me not, fair maid," replied the spirit. "They are, if you remember, but ears of maize. As long as they were fresh the magic rod lent life and youth to the forms they borrowed. But now the juices of nature are dried up within them, and soon they must return to dust. Do not touch them once again with your rod."

She did as she was bidden, and as she touched them the shadows vanished and only a handful of dried up maize ears remained.

"Weep not, fair one," continued the spirit. "What our bounteous Mother Nature gave us once she will give again. In a flash I will return with a new supply."

Saying he vanished, shot through space and arrived at the maizefield. But much to his embarrassment he found that the maize had all been garnered and not one ear remained. When he returned to the princess, she saw by his manner that something had gone wrong.

"Thou hast deceived me," cried she. "Where is the maize?"

"Maiden," he answered, "wilt thou forgive my want of foresight? Inexperienced in the ways of mankind I

wholly forgot that the maize had been garnered, and there is none left in the fields. Have patience with me one short week, and thou shalt have maize ears in abundance."

The spirit thereupon, with the help of his gnomes, quickly plowed and planted an acre of ground thick with the precious corn. The under-ground fires were made to heat the soil, while he poured rain in abundance from above. Quickly the green shoots poked their heads above the ground and thrived and grew space.

But with all his thoughtfulness and anxiety to please not a smile or answering look could be won from the fair princess. Patiently he anticipated her every wish, hoping for the time when his devotion would be rewarded. But in this he reckoned without the feet of the maid. But when he found no trace of her either in the grove, the grotto or the garden a dark suspicion flashed across his mind. Instantly rising to the height of the clouds, he spied his fair prisoner, her lover and his braves just crossing the boundary of his domain, beyond which he had no power. With a wild howl of rage, he gathered up some clouds in his fist and hurled them after the fugitives. A terrific thunderstorm broke over their heads. Cursing the whole human race and the feminine portion of it in particular, the gnome dashed madly into the tempest he had caused and best suited to his humor. Then, taking a last look at earth, which had suddenly grown hateful to him, with the thunder and lightning, wind and rain raging and warning, and flashing about him, he threw himself headlong down the mountain side into the bowels of the earth and resumed the sway of his subterranean kingdom.

But the path he plowed through the rugged rocks as he shot downward still remains, like a gigantic causeway, and will in all likelihood endure thus till time is gray. Truly "the evil that men do live after them"—and the same may be said of spirits. The good that Hal-Walla had done was soon forgotten and he was remembered only as the evil spirit, who had wickedly abducted the fair princess. And as the generations came and went these rocks, marking the place of his violent descent, received the name of the "Devil's Slide."

Frederic Morris in Short Stories.

A Pretty Failure.

They had all the earmarks of a bridal couple as they boarded the Chicago train at Broad street station. There were half a score of friends on the platform who had come to say goodbye. A few grains of rice dropped from the young man's hat brim as he entered the parlour car. He carefully escorted his fair partner to a seat. All the other passengers smiled indulgently and looked interested. Then the young man extended his hand to the young woman and said in a very loud voice and with most common-place formality: "Well, Miss Blank, the train is about to pull out. I wish you a very pleasant journey." And doffing his soft hat he hurriedly left the car.

The passengers looked disappointed; the young woman looked nervous. By and by she called the porter and whispered to him. The porter nodded his head and passed to the rear of the car. He came back in a moment and said in a voice that was audible to every one in the car: "You're all right, ma'am. He's in the smoking compartment." Everybody snickered, and the bride blushed prettily. —Philadelphia Record.

Royal Names.

If Queen Victoria had occasion to use a family name, it would be Wettin, so far as it would be anything. She was a Guelph or Wettin by birth and married Albert von Wettin, so she would be now Mrs. Albert von Wettin or Wettin if she followed the ordinary rule. But continental royal families seldom if ever have any surnames. The British and Scotch royal families—the old ones—are exceptions. Thus the old royal house of France was "of Bourbon," "of Orleans"; the kings of Prussia belong to the family of Hohenzollern. Not one of these princes is called Louis Bourbon, Louis Orleans, William Hohenzollern. The British royal house is British only because it lives and rules in Great Britain. It is wholly German in ancestry for nearly 300 years and follows continental customs. All real British royal houses had surnames.

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"Blame me not, fair maid," replied the spirit. "They are, if you remember, but ears of maize. As long as they were fresh the magic rod lent life and youth to the forms they borrowed. But now the juices of nature are dried up within them, and soon they must return to dust. Do not touch them once again with thy sponge?"

The wily princess blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Immortal spirit," she answered, "how can a mere daughter of earth withstand thee? It is true thy gentle constancy has taken my heart captive, but what proof have I that thou wilt always be patient and kind if I make thee my master and consent to be thy sponge?"

"Blame me not, fair maid," replied the spirit. "They are, if you remember, but ears of maize. As long as they were fresh the magic rod lent life and youth to the forms they borrowed. But now the juices of nature are dried up within them, and soon they must return to dust. Do not touch them once again with thy sponge?"

"Set me any task thou wilt," cried the gnome joyfully, "that I may show how patient and obedient a slave I will be to thee, and I swear by my immortal being I will perform it."

"Be it so," said the shrewd princess. "If we are to be wed, I have a fancy for a grand festival. Go you then to the maizefield and make a faithful count of the ears that are growing there. But mind you make no mistake! Then will I give them the forms of the people of my tribe, that I may be wedded with dancing and feasting, as becomes the daughter of a great chief."

Reluctant as the gnome was to part from the maid at the very moment when—as he fondly believed—his constancy and devotion had touched her heart, he had no choice but to obey. In a twinkling he was at the maizefield and busy with his task. But Hal-Walla was clumsy at counting, and in the eagerness and excitement of his newborn hope he made so many mistakes that his figures were soon involved in an almost hopeless tangle.

The princess, meanwhile, had no sooner disposed of the gnome than she prepared for instant flight. She had a good, stout maize ear ready at hand, which a touch of the rod transformed into an enormous eagle, and as she lightly leaped upon his back he soared into the air and bore her away. Floating high above the mountain peaks, her sharp eyes scanned the varying panorama below until they distinguished the valley of pines. With a steady hand she guided the eagle's flight to the spot where Idanha and his braves were waiting, and as the bird bore her in safety to the ground she threw herself, delirious with joy, upon her lover's breast.

After wrestling long with the hateful problem, the gnome finally completed his task and returned to lay the results at the feet of the maid. But when he found no trace of her either in the grove, the grotto or the garden a dark suspicion flashed across his mind. Instantly rising to the height of the clouds, he spied his fair prisoner, her lover and his braves just crossing the boundary of his domain, beyond which he had no power. With a wild howl of rage, he gathered up some clouds in his fist and hurled them after the fugitives. A terrific thunderstorm broke over their heads. Cursing the whole human race and the feminine portion of it in particular, the gnome dashed madly into the tempest he had caused and best suited to his humor.

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Frederic Morris in Short Stories.

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TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT

SAN FRANCISCO.

RAILROAD FROM MAY 5, 1894.

7:00A Atlantic Express for Ogden and

East..... 6:45A

7:00A Benicia, Vacaville, Suisun, Sac-

ramento and Redding, via Davis

7:15P Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Cali-

ifornia and Santa Rosa..... 6:15P

8:30A Martinez and Stockton—San Fran-

cisco, via Lodi, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville..... 4:15P

9:00A New Orleans Express, Santa Bar-

bara, Los Angeles, San Joaquin, Stockton, Madi-

son, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville..... 5:45A

9:00A Martinez and Stockton..... 10:45A

9:00A Peters and Jones and Livermore..... 8:45A

12:00P Sacramento River Steamers..... 9:00P

4:00P Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Cali-

ifornia and Stockton..... 9:15A

4:00P Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Suisun, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and

Sacramento..... 10:45A

4:30P Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stock-

ton, Martinez, Modesto, Merced, Fresno

7:15P Bay and Stockton..... 10:40A